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THE BETTER AGE.

By William Cullen Bryant.

When after days of dreary rain, a space
Of clear, soft blue, between the parting clouds,
Opens on the drenched fields and dripping woods,
The tillers of the soil are glad, and say
The storm is overpast; for well they know
That in this clear blue spot begins the reign
Of sunshine. Broader shall the opening grow,
As through the throng of clouds the western wind
Goes forth, a conquerer, and scatters them
And sweeps them from the glorious cope of heaven.

Thus, in the works of mercy that engage
The minds and hands of thousands, we behold
Signs of a blessed future. They who watch
Beside the sick beds of the poor, who seek
And lead the erring back to the right way,
And heal the wounded spirit with the balm
Of pity, and hold back the cruel hand
That smites the helpless; they whose labors win
The outcast hater of his kind to feel
The power of goodness and shed penitent tears,
Are God's elected agents to bring in
The better age. With gladness and with thanks
We number mercy's triumphs, and our hopes
Go forward to the train of glorious years
When all the clouds of strife that darken earth
And hide the face of heaven shall roll away,
And, like a calm, sweet sunshine, love and peace
Shall light the dreariest walks of human life.

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THE MUSIC THAT CARRIES.

Just the other day we came across a poem entitled "The Music That Carries." It was written for a lad; perhaps not for any special lad, but for lads in general. But it is as well suited for men as for lads,—and for women and lassies also.

We thought, as we read the stanzas, of a man whom we met not long ago who was making it unpleasant for all with whom he came in contact by his almost constant whining over the responsibilities and cares which were upon him in his work in life. The first note when any one encountered him was a wail. And we wondered, as we read, how close we had come at times in our mingling with others to the things which the poem says unmake and mar. We quote it. Let the reader reflect. Undoubtedly among our many readers there are some who have come dangerously near a failure to sound out the music that carries.

"I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,
  As I've toiled with the men who failed;
I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,
  And I've toiled with the men who wailed.
And this is the tale my soul would tell
  As it drifts o'er the harbor bar:
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
  But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side,
  Oh, they heard not a word he said;
The sound of a song rang far and wide,
  And they hearkened to that instead.
Its tones were sweet as the tales they tell
  Of the rise of the Christmas star—
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
  But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

If you would be heard at all, my lad,
  Keep a laugh in your heart and throat;
For those who are deaf to accents sad
  Are alert to the cheerful note.
Keep hold of the chord of laughter's bell,
  Keep aloof from the moans that mar;
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
  But the lilt of a laugh rings far."

But aside from the effect which the wail or the moan has upon others in the way both of impression as to the wailer and in their influence, there should be considered the effect which it has on the wailer himself.

Another of our poets has written:

"Keep a smile on your lips; it is better
  To joyfully, hopefully try
For the end you would gain than to fetter
  Your life with a moan and a sigh.
There are clouds in the firmament ever
  The beauty of heaven to mar,
Yet night so profound there is never
  But somewhere is shining a star.

Keep a song in your heart; it will lighten
  The duty you hold in your hand;
Its music will graciously brighten
  The work your high purpose has planned.
Your notes to the lives that are saddened
  May make them to hopefully yearn,
And earth shall be wondrously gladdened
  By songs they sing in return."

We presume there are persons who think that they have more of the worries of life than most other people have. But this may arise from the fact that the others are not airing their troubles all the time. Inasmuch as we are quoting poetry and poetry often sticks in the mind when prose will not stick, let this by Celia Thaxter be noted:

"Because I hold it sinful to despond,
  And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
  Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
  Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed,
  That God's love doth bestow—

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
  No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall,
  Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
  To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
  God gives me every day."

In some of the trying experiences of life certain words by Sidney Lanier have been helpful to the present writer. They were written at a time when the struggle was for him a hard one—and were not intended for any but loving eyes: "The poetry is good poetry, the music is good music, and beauty dieth not, and the soul that needs it shall find it."

The aim of every soul should be the making of good music; it is this that carries and dieth never. And there is no music in a wail . Sidney Lanier knew this, and he didn't wail in the most trying experiences of his life. Nor did Robert Louis Stevenson in those of his brief career.

If any of our readers are wailers and this article, as it is thus far, fails of a cure we recommend a book published recently entitled "Nerves In Disorder." Or perhaps this mixed prescription will answer for some:

Fix the mind less on money and money-making, less on the pleasures of society, less on worldly rank and fame; and, especially, less on tickling the palate with indigestible and excessive quantities of food. Further advice, to suit all special cases, free, whenever consulted!

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW UPHELD.

Undoubtedly there was wide-spread rejoicing over the announcement that Judge Landis, of the United States District Court, at Chicago, had imposed a fine of more than twenty-nine million dollars on the Standard Oil Company for violation of the law forbidding the taking of rebates from railroads. It will not be accepted as excuse for this violation of the laws of the land that Rockefeller and his associates have done only what many others have done who have not been thus dealt with. A beginning had to be made somewhere, and Judge Landis has made a good one. The fine is not excessive. It was only up to the limit; and that is as it should be. The one great need in this country at the present time is that the people should be brought to realize that they are expected to obey the laws. It is a critical time, and Judge Landis would have been recreant to duty if he had not imposed the heaviest fine possible. It is to be regretted that the penalty could not have been imprisonment as well as fine. Our government will break ere long on the rocks of anarchy if men everywhere are not brought to realize the majesty of the law and to bow thereto.

Judge Landis is right in the declaration: "The men who thus deliberately violate the law wound society more deeply than does he who counterfeits the coin or steals letters from the mails."

Widely today men in the great business enterprises of the land are, in the conduct of their business, violating the laws of God. Gradually more of the laws of God are getting place among the laws of the land; and if men will persist in breaking them; if they will not or cannot ascend to the plane of the enlightened conscience of the new age, then let them not only be mulcted as Rockefeller and his associates have been, but let the prison stripes be put on them and their final days be passed in their rightful place. It is the voice of the people; we believe it to be the voice of God.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. J. K. Harrison has had loving and skillful attention at the Roosevelt hospital in Berkeley during the last week, but his recovery is not thought possible at this writing. Such is his condition that he has not at any time given any sign of recognition of any of the members of his family. Once on the voyage home he recognized Mr. DeKay, and said in response to a question, "You are DeKay;" and at another time he put his arms around Mr. DeKay's neck, and drew him to him in an affectionate embrace as he lay on his bed. Mr. DeKay reports a pleasing incident on the return trip from Tahiti: Passengers on the steamer, Mariposa, learning of Mr. Harrison's illness voluntarily raised a purse of nearly an hundred dollars which was placed in Mr. DeKay's hands for his benefit. We understand that this movement originated with the captain of the steamer who had become much attached to Mr. Harrison on his voyage to Tahiti.

A brief history of the First Congregational Church of Sacramento has been written and published by Mr. A. C. Sweetser, a charter member of that historical church—the pioneer church in the capitol city. The work was done at the request of the California Church History Society. The Rev. J. A. Benton, who was the first pastor, reached Sacramento on the 14th of July, 1849, and held his first preaching service on the 22d. On the 16th of September a meeting was held for consultation with regard to the interests of religion in the new city and it was unanimously voted to proceed to the organization of a Church of Christ which should include Congregationalists and Presbyterians. The name which was chosen was the First Church of Christ of Sacramento. Work was commenced on a building in August 1850, and in March 1851 Mr. Benton was installed as pastor by a council composed of pastors and delegates from the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, the First Presbyterian and the Howard Presbyterian of the same city and the First Presbyterian of Marysville. The Rev. S. H. Willey was moderator, and the Rev. J. H. Warren was scribe. Mr. Sweetser gives in an interesting way the history of the church down through its more than half a century of existence. He states that in 1856, the city having had considerable growth, all the Presbyterians except two withdrew to organize the First Presbyterian Church; and that on the 7th of October 1857 the General Association of Congregational Churches of California was organized in Sacramento. We note that among the 27 members received in 1849 there was only one woman. Women were at a premium at that time in California. Do we hear some one remark as he reads this? Women are always at a premium!

The editor of The Pacific bearded in their den, the lions and the lionesses—especially the latter—of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, twice during the last two weeks—once on Sunday, and at the prayer meeting Wednesday evening of last week; and at the latter had the pleasure of congratulating the members of the church, including the lions and the lionesses, in that their beloved pastor had decided to decline the urgent call to the rapidly developing work in the influential North Berkeley field and remain with the church he has so faithfully and ably served for nearly eight years. That is a long sentence; but when one is contending almost breathlessly with adversaries, and gets his breath for a few seconds, it is necessary sometimes, to crowd a great deal into a single sentence. Perhaps the public does not know it, but it is a fact that some of the Pilgrim people at first felt a little incensed at some of the outsiders in that they advised their pastor to accept the call from North Berkeley. But when it was explained to them that they had no one to blame for all of their trouble except their own dearly beloved pastor, who had said to the North Berkeley church that he would most earnestly and prayerfully consider the call, had actually resigned so as to accept it, and had gone to the outsiders for advice only after great pressure had been brought to bear upon him to reconsider and withdraw the resignation, their indignation subsided. Dr. Brooks, in a paper read before the church at the meeting Wednesday evening of last week, stated plainly that the call had appealed to him powerfully,

that he regarded the outlook for the North Berkeley church more promising than that of any other church of its size in California. Nevertheless, he said that the arguments and appeals of the Pilgrim people and a reluctance for certain reasons to lay down just now the work at Mills College, tipped the balance in that direction and that he would withdraw the resignation and remain. We can but rejoice with the people of Pilgrim Church, for whom we have high regard—and yet we are sorry that it is not to be for Dr. Brooks to lead in the work in North Berkeley. To the latter church, this—

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure last Monday of listening to the Rev. David Beaton of Chicago on the subject of Religious Education. Mr. Beaton has thoughts concerning the relation of moral and religious education in general which are well worth utterance, and he presents them in such a manner as to carry conviction and to leave the impression on the minds of his hearers that it is high time the church should awake to the situation. The conditions as to Sunday-school instruction he declares are in many ways appalling. Good citizens cannot be made without religious and moral training. The Bible has been banished from our public schools; and all in all there must be brought about a thorough change in Sunday-school methods if the young are to be properly trained. Mr. Beaton showed in a graphic manner that the ministers who are not too greatly busied with preaching, with sermonizing, and who can lay their hands on the heads of some of the lads now growing up into manhood and in close contact shape their lives by Christian principles are the ministers who will most influence the future. Too much emphasis he said, is laid, comparatively, on the preaching function, and too little on the teaching. In the course of his address Mr. Beaton stated that the worst influence in the great city of Chicago is the kind of amusement which is furnished the rising generation, and which is luring them by the thousands from the true, the beautiful, and the good. He remarked incidentally that he had stated not long ago to prominent New England Congregationalists that one of the great needs was a more United Congregational consciousness; that there must be given on the part of every department of our Congregational work, on the part of every agency and society, more attention to the great and rapidly developing West.

AN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON SABBATH REST.

An International Congress on Sabbath Rest will be held at the Jamestown Exposition on Sept. 25 and 26. For a basis of discussion a statement of principles has been issued, to the effect that the Sabbath, or weekly day of rest, is of divine origin; and that although the State should not interfere with the religious observance of the Sabbath, yet the weekly day of rest is a civil institution, maintained by law and custom and vitally related to the well-being of individuals, families and societies.

On the list of speakers are the names of Judge W. N. Asaman of Philadelphi, ex-Governor John D. Long of Boston, Senator Ralph Smith and John Charlton of Ottawa, Canada, the Rev. Dr. Robert Johnson of Montreal, Rev. Dr. Ira Landrith, ex-moderator of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, the Rev. William H. Roberts of Philadelphia, moderator of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., the Hon. G. W. Ross, of the Lord's Day Alliance of Canada, and officials of a large number of Sabbath observance organizations of the United States and Canada. Similar conferences were held in connection with the expositions at Chicago in 1893 and at St. Louis in 1904.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

Great Progress in Mission Work by Means of Literature in Dialect and in English—Native Religions Giving Way to Christianity.

A representative of the American Tract Society writes from Chung-king:

"West China presents a number of fascinating problems to the student, and of all these the question of evangelizing it is the most fascinating and puzzling. Beyond all cavil, religious literature, must play a very prominent part in the work. A missionary at our recent annual meeting emphasized this in the strongest way possible. He said, 'I simply could not get on in my district without the Tract Society's literature. Thank God, we have such splendid ammunition!'

"The spread of education is bringing a tremendous demand for literature dealing with foreign learning. The fact that a book tells of foreign ways and customs now insures it a ready sale, while not so very long ago it would have insured its rejection as being unworthy of consideration by a scholar. One hears now of complete sets of the Encyclopaedia Britannica (in English) being sold to Chinese, about thirty large volumes to a set, the whole costing over $100 gold. Truly times are moving. Great numbers of Chinese firms are entering the race and selling enormous quantities of educational books.

"Two things are apparent. Education is more highly prized than ever, and the Chinese mind is receptive to Western knowledge as never before. When one hears of Chinese (non-Christian) newspapers saying, 'Down with the idols. The Christian religion is the best,' one feels like exclaiming, 'What next?'

"One phase of this movement has, I think, hardly been given due weight. This Western learning has been a great factor for enlightenment. It has swept away dozens of superstitions which were more or less bound up in Buddhism, Taoism, etc., and thus has made these religions lose their hold upon the popular mind.

"These facts are not only causing the old religions to totter but they loudly call for a hearing to be given to the 'foreign' religion. The old religions have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and it is not strange to us, with our knowledge of the restlessness of the human heart and its hunger for peace and satisfaction that the Chinese, having satisfied themselves that our learning is based upon truth, should carry their inquiries into the sphere of religion, begin to study religion in real earnest and consider the possibility of its being the future religion of China.

"There is no doubt that the mission schools are held in very high esteem. The revocation of the edict which ruled out of the examinations scholars from mission schools has, no doubt further emphasized the fact that the very best education of the empire is

Christian. Complaints are made that the official schools have poor teachers who are really not qualified to teach foreign subjects. The Japanese seem to be cordially hated and the students cannot stomach the inordinate conceit of the Japanese professors. At the Chentu University four Japanese professors have had to leave in the short space of two years.

"Another encouraging feature is the fact that more interest is being taken in the education of girls, and that such education as there is is almost entirely Christian. Mission schools for girls are overflowing, and many have to be turned away for lack of accommodation.

"In short, we must now look on a great movement toward Christianity as certain in the near future. The picked men and women of the province will be those who have passed through our schools and many of them will be out and out Christians.

"Already the upper classes are more sympathetic and cordial toward the foreign missionary. Christian literature has helped largely to bring about this change of attitude, and Christian literature is indispensable if we are to cope with such a huge movement. We must be prepared for very big things, our cords must be lengthened and our stakes strengthened to deal with a rush of millions toward Chrstianity. I believe that the West China Religious Tract Society has a splendid future before it, and we again make an urgent appeal for help from our brethren across the seas."

LESSONS FROM THE SYCAMORE TREE.

A Part of a Sermon by the Rev. William Rader in Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco.

Text, Luke 19: 10—"For the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost."

Zaccheus is no stranger to us. We know how this little man behaved when Jesus visited Jericho. We know, too, that he was a publican, a tax collector under a Roman administration, a position which placed him in many temptations. The collector of Roman duties paid the government for the privilege of collecting the taxes and then indemnified himself. There was the temptation to over-charge.

Whatever might have been the character of Zaccheus, he was under popular suspicion and was regarded as a grafter. He did not enjoy a good reputation in and around Jericho, and when Jesus came that way, and went home with him, the people were shocked because he paid such marked attention to one who was a publican and a sinner.

The purpose of this narrative about Zaccheus is found in the text: "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost." Herein is the philanthropic aim of the mission of Christ. The first important matter for consideration in this passage is this phrase, "The Son of Man." Sometimes it is "The Son of God" that is used in the Gospels. Here Jesus describes himself as "the son of man." It is a significant and comprehensive name used on this occasion no doubt to correct the bigotry and racial narrowness of the witnesses of the friendship between Jesus and Zaccheus. The "Son of Man" is a title "Son of God indicates his nature—Godward. They are both universal terms. "Son of Man" designates him as the Messiah of humanity. It is a term from which has been eliminated all racial distinctions. As the "son of man," Jesus belonged to no nationality, yet involved all. He was the universal man, the head of the race, the unclassified. Man, larger than any human type, neither Jew, nor Roman, nor Greek. He was the "son of man," racially, as colorless as the snow on the high peak. Therefore he had the right to associate with whom he pleased.

The second step in the interpretation of this passage is the expressed purpose of his mission. He came to seek and save that which was lost. Here we have in one pregnant sentence the mission of Jesus Christ to the world. Here is the legitimate aim of the church—to seek and save that which was lost. He did not come to establish a church, nor to found a state, nor to discover treasure. He came to seek and to save. This was precisely what his followers needed to learn. He gave them an object lesson in his treatment of Zaccheus. Christ was a spiritual detective. Everywhere he went he looked for the lost. In the smoking flax he found the glimmering spark and blew it into a flame. The bruised, crushed reed he would not break, but tenderly bound it up. He came to save. Down into the slums and up into the mountains he goes—this Jesus of salvation, seeking and saving, sifting the wheat from the chaff, extracting the gold from the rock, recovering the good in men. He looked for the good. He found it. He was not a prophet of despair but of hope. Michael Angelo pausing by a block of marble said, "I see in that an imprisoned angel, and I will make it free." He emancipated the angel. Jesus seeing Zaccheus up in the tree saw in him an imprisoned man and he liberated him.

Observe this word "lost." In the history of theology that word stands like the crater of a volcano, out of which the lava of wrath has poured. Think of what Jonathan Edwards and John Knox have made this word express! Think of what the painters have made it describe! I mean to think of the lost in terms of the present. Men are lost here and now. Some are lost to themselves. Helen Keller is a brilliant girl, all in all, the most brilliant in America; but when discovered every faculty was dumb. She who never saw a star, or heard a bird, or spoke a word, is at least, partially redeemed. She who was completely lost to herself, and to the normal human relations has been found. What lost men and women in this life! Sometimes the ship is overdue, and men seek in vain for the craft, lost in fogs and winds. Sometimes the ship strikes a rocky shore after losing its way and the waves beat it to pieces. A child wandered away into the sage brush on one of our Western deserts and the night came on and the people of the desert searched under the stars for the missing child. How the parable of the lost coin repeats the lessons of the lost! The woman lights the candle and seeks everywhere for the coin. She is Christ seeking in dark places, in distant lands and at home for the coin stamped with the image of the King. Read again that immortal parable of the Shepherd seeking the lost lamb. There he comes with the pathetic thing all bloody and torn. He holds it in his arms.

"And none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night,
That the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost."

Men are lost in every realm of life—in Wall Street, where they have money, in the saloons where they

have drink, in the slums where there is poverty, and at home where there may be spiritual blindness.

How did Jesus recover the lost? What was his method? How did he win Zaccheus? He loved him back into the light. Have you observed how a mother loves a child out of weakness into strength? Have you counted the hours which measure the immeasurable love that turns weakness into the perfection of strength? Helen Keller's personality was opened by the strong white bar of a noble love. Miss Sullivan did it. Dame Nature uses the same method. Witness the growth of a flower as it pushes its little life up through the soil. The dew is Nature's kiss, the beams the loving caress, the wind whispers of love, "and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Were the rain drops bullets and the sun beams swords, do you think the earth would yield the increase? Love was his method. Zaccheus was despised by every man in Jericho, but the Lord loved him. He did not scold him from the tree into the Kingdom, but he loved him out of darkness into light, and this is God's way. It must be "our way." We cannot compel men to be good by law, but we may love them, nurse them, develop them into Chrstian character. Love that boy of yours into manhood. Love your neighbor out of the shadow into the sun. There is good enough in everybody to keep us steadily at the beautiful business of helping others by discovering and developing the good in them by the faith "that works by love." In this way Jesus saved Zaccheus.

We must not overlook the tree and the place it has in the spiritual interpretation of this incident in Jericho. In the annals of Christian experience this sycamore tree has become historic. Other great trees stand in history—the Charter Oak, the tree under which Penn smoked the pipe of peace with the Indians; the trees beneath which Washington prayed at Valley Forge, and the famous Appomatox tree, to be remembered in connection with the sword Lee proffered to Grant. This sycamore afforded a point of view for Zaccheus. It gave him the advantage of outlook from its branches. He saw the Christ. That is your sycamore tree whence you gain a glimpse of truth. The application then of the sycamore tree to which Zaccheus clung to the agencies which afford a view of Jesus Christ is plain. The creeds have served this purpose and whatever may be said against them this must be conceded, that they have given multitudes a point of view. That old gnarled, knotty but hardy oak tree, "the Apostles' creed," has given many the advantage of a better apprehension of the Lord. Let it stand.

Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now."

The sycamore is your particular denomination and your particular denomination is that which gives you the best view of the truth as it is revealed in Jesus Christ. That is your church which best interprets the truth to you, and it is your duty to belong to that particular church. Climb up as high as possible. Had Zaccheus sat down on the roots, he would not have seen Jesus. This tree symbolizes the vital experiences of life which may disclose the Christ as he moves along life's crowded streets. Sometimes it is a great book, or a great sorrow, or a great joy. The sycamore tree may be that particular angle of life which lifts you above the commonplace, or sets you apart, and from which you may see him as he comes. Your tree may be a high redwood, or a scrub oak, keeping close to earth. Find your point of view, secure a moral advantage. Gain a perspective.

The main thing is to get up. This is the chief thing in the experience of Zaccheus in Jericho. He climbed. He went up. He lived for a golden moment above the throng. Here is the lesson and its spiritual appeal. Because we live low down among the baser things of life, down among our prejudices and narrowness, our ingorance and sins, we do not see the glory of the Lord. Oft has he passed, but we are not big enough to see his wondrous face. Up, up, this is the sermon of Zaccheus. If you are not seeing the Christ it is because you live too low. You have not found the sycamore tree. Find it and climb up above the lower things of life to the higher things of God. See, Jesus calls him down! See, he goes with him to his home! for "the son of man has come to seek and to save that which was lost."

THE MINISTRY OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

By Bishop E. R. Hendrix.

The greatest event in the history of the world was the coming into it of two little children some six months apart. The chiefest of the archangels, the mighty Gabriel, was sent to announce their coming and to leave the names by which they should be called. The happy mothers, Elizabeth and Mary, poured out their hearts to each other and before God in songs of holy joy. When the two sons were born they were welcome children, and here were two Madonnas in place of one. The prenatal influence of such messages as each received from the archangel touched each heart to the very core and prepared the way for devout and grateful motherhood.! How much each child owed even before its birth to a brave and uncomplaining mother, who deemed that her body was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and reverently awaited the Divine will with prayer and praise! They were to be worthy mothers of God's supreme gifts to men, the forerunner and the Christ. Neither John nor Jesus could have been without a human mother, and such mothers. Nor could the mothers have been without the ministry of such children both before and after birth. The ministry of a little child begins before it is born. It makes possible mother-love.

The making of a mother is the crowning work of creation. It is not the giving birth to a child that makes the mother. It is the ministry of the child, the calling out of the deepest affections, the devoutest prayers, the holy vows, the high resolves, that makes the birth of a child the rebirth of the woman. As all the bloom of the flower is simply the blush of approaching maternity telling of its continued life in its offspring, so woman's beauty of face and form tells of her robust life, not as maiden or wife, but as mother. Woman finds herself with her child in her arms. Every mother is a possible Madonna. It is the little hand of a child laid upon a mother's breast that finds her heart. It is the searching eyes of a child that can find a very heaven in a mother's eyes. Surely the ministry of a little child that gives the world a new mother with all her wealth of courage and tenderness and unselfishness is the holiest and most fruitful min-

istry in the world. The seed of the woman restores hope and peace and faith and love in the dark firmament. A little child is the world's greatest artist and sculptor, filling the earth with Madonnas.

Not only does the ministry of little children regenerate womanhood, it creates manhood. As men have listened to the mute appeal of beauty and innocence they have heard a new gospel, the gospel of unsefishness and helpfulness. Self is no longer the supreme object. Though the man has never heard of Froebel, he, too, says, "Let us live for the children." A baby's hand touches chords that vibrate for none other. A mother's lullabys are sweeter than any lovely maiden's song. The home is more sacred now with its little weak, helpless life appealing to strength and patience and self-sacrifice and promising love without limit. Our hard natures, grown harder in dealing with men, are now subsoiled by the simple faith of our children. We dare not betray that trust or leave to them a dishonored name. "I could not endure the thought that my children would come to despise me," was a strong man's breaking point with strong drink, and the beginning of his Christian life. A little child's simple blessing at the table or his evening prayer at the father's knee, in the absence or sickness of the mother, has left a memory that no antagonisms of trade, no ambitions for professional success could destroy. It is preserved like a fossil fern underneath the superincumbent weight of countless ages. If the child makes the mother, the mother makes the father, rich in sympathy and tenderness as in strength and courage. Now, for the first time, fit for a seat in Areopagus or Sanhedrin, his ripened nature responds to all that is best for the family and the state.

Suffering, too, has a new meaning to the man whose child is burning with fever. Men unused to weep are broken by the sight of the first coffin that, though smothered in flowers, bears a little child away. The gates of pearl open wide to the gaze of a father whose child has been borne thither in the arms of Jesus. After he himself has done all and failed, he is content that the Good Shepherd should take the little lamb to himself. That is a hopeless skepticism that can survive the burial of one's own dear child. We need a heaven for our little ones. Earth has failed to be a nourishing mother, and human skill has broken down, but the God who gave can take them to his own loving arms forever. His own Son has said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

What, too, have not children done for organized society, if in fact society is ever organized without their presence and needs? How different the life and laws of a mining camp before children have come to claim protection and moral and intellectual training. A little child shall lead these rough and reckless men who are unwilling that their children shall grow up without the Sabbath and the school. It is often a child's hand that thus lays the cornerstone of a church and bolts the door of the saloon and the gambler's gilded palace. Let an outrage be committed on helpless childhood and new laws find their place on the statute books. A state is measured by its provision for the protection and education of its children. If the parent fails, the state may for its own protection as well as that of the neglected child see to its well being. The safety of childhood is a measure of the state in every age. A government that affords no proper protection to childhood is a failure. The cry of a helpless child has called men to arms like a war trumpet. Christianity gives no new affections, but leads to proper exercise of those we have. Men are humanized by a great affection or a great sorrow, and nothing like a little child's cry can humanize a selfish race. Said Southey, "Call not that man wretched who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love." For such love is sure of its return.

In nothing is the twentieth century nearer the first than the place which children are beginning to have in literature. Christ rediscovered childhood. He noticed and recorded the play of little children in the streets of Jerusalem. He pointed to their simple trust as the model of faith to all who would enter the kingdom of heaven. He spoke such pure words about the marriage tie that mothers wanted his touch and blessing on their little ones, small enough to be taken up into his arms. His entrance into the city called out the children with their hosannas, the "perfected praise," which comforted his lonely heart. Greek art had no place for children. As with the Romans, infants were valued as they might make soldiers. Even Shakespeare found no place for children in his art, modeled so largely after the Greek school. Rome almost deified the holy mother, but failed to see the many Madonnas in the world. Luther set the example for modern literature, as he began to write for his children. Wordsworth and Longfellow have helped to make sacred "the children's hour." Dickens lives in his little Pauls and little Nells with their "God bless us everyone." He interpreted them to us as they helped to interpret God to him. He said, "I love these little people, and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us." The absence again of children from the world's literature would be a sign of degeneracy.

"God divided man into men that they might help each other," said Seneca. It was a noble sentiment, the best perhaps ever given us by the old Roman. But after all at bottom is perhaps the military idea of legion and phalanx, the locked shields and the unbroken battle line. A nobler sentiment is, God divided men into men and children that they might help each other. The child does as much for the man as the man does for the child. Who can say which most influences the other? It is this unconscious influence of the child that suppresses passion, that checks vice, that stays waste and teaches provident economy for our children, that delight to see them get on their feet, and that lives one's life over again in their efforts for success. It is this that helps to make the family the unit of society and children the teachers of the race. If he was the greatest of teachers who said, "I have learned much from my teachers, more from my associates, but most from my pupils," then he is the noblest and wisest of parents who has been apt in learning the true mission of childhood with its messages of the simple life and its true-hearted sincerity. It is because the Bible has been given to us by a Father that it will ever be the sacred heirloom of the home where we record our children's birth and translations. Our Lord's strongest, tenderest appeal to men as justifying his own ministry of infinite pity in a world of infinite pathos was, "Which of you that is a father?" His strongest passion was the final one as he sought ever the glory of the Father, and dying, cried, "Father, glorify thy name." God's greatest and final revelation was when he "spake unto us in a Son."

Kansas City, Mo.

Among the Churches.

California.

San Francisco, Sunset.—Three persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday, two on confession.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—The Rev. O. L. Corbin entered on the work with this church last Sunday. Mr. Corbin is pleased with the encouraging outlook in the field. His address is 2208 Twenty-fourth avenue.

San Francisco, Olivet.—Rev. B. F. Sargent has been suffering for several weeks from rheumatism which has seriously interfered with his work. He has gone for a few weeks' rest at Montescino in Sonoma county. During his absence the pulpit will be supplied by Rev. Geo. H. DeKay.

Ceres.—Rev. William T. Williams, a valuable member of this church, died at a ripe old age at Ceres, July 30th. He was one of the original colony at Smyrna Park. While the pulpit was vacant, following the death of Rev. Clinton Douglas in December last, Mr. Williams frequently preached and with much acceptance.

San Francisco, Bethany.—There were six additions to the membership at the last communion service. The Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Patterson have gone East on a vacation intending to be absent seven weeks. They expect to visit the exposition at Jamestown and to return by way of New Orleans. The pulpit will be occupied next Sunday by Dr. Pond and the other Sundays by Professor Nash.

Arizona.

Humboldt Union Congregational Church.— The church is enjoying a prosperous period under the leadership of the Rev. Edmund Owens. Preaching services and Sunday-school sessions are well attended. The coming of Mr. T. H. Oxnam and family has given new impetus to all our work. Mr. Oxnam is general manager of the smelter, also superintendent of the Sunday-school. Baraca and Philathea Bible classes for young people have been organized. Recently the Sunday-school gave an entertainment from which was realized a neat sum to be applied in purchasing chairs. Dr. Robert McIntyre, Los Angeles, lectured here on the 19th, on "The Evolution of Abraham Lincoln." The Ladies' Aid have contributed $30 toward purchasing a pulpit and communion table. The church is being enlarged for the third time during a year. The original building cost $600, $200 of which was a grant from C. C. B. S.. Then a reading room was added, costing $400. Now these buildings are too small to accomodate our growing congregations and Sunday-school, so that the church is to be enlarged and improved. Improvements to cost $500.

A SERVICE AT SEA.

Three Sundays at sea on the long voyage between San Francisco and Tahiti have added somewhat to an already quite varied experience in preaching in unusual circumstances, and some account of such a service may be of interest to friends who asked me to "write something about it for The Pacific."

One of these services took place when the "Mariposa" was "acting up" in such a way that the greater part of her sixty-five cabin passengers felt to be scandalous, and only about fifteen attended.

That whole service was a model of brevity—it took just twenty-six minutes. The preacher knew just when to quit; he had a good deal more in him, but—that wasn't the place for it.

Today, however, the seas were calm, the weather cool and the service delightful. The pulpit was a board laid across the railing of the main hall and covered with "Old Glory." On this lay a large pillow over which was spread the church flag, a white cross upon a red background.

The Rev. W. T. Renison, of St. Paul's Church, of San Francisco, conducted the service, using an abbreviated form of the beautiful Episcopalian service, and I preached from John 7:17. One rarely gets such a mixed congregation. Among the thirty-five persons present were Jews, Catholics and Protestants; High Church and Low, Unitarians and Trinitaritns. There were two lawyers (one a district attorney), two or three doctors, several business men, a member of the "Century" editorial staff, school teachers, and—always at such a service—the big-hearted, genial Capt. Lawless, whose request for divine services comes from a sincere delight in such. The music wasn't of the highest order, for not even the young business man, accustomed to pipe organ, could do much with the piano that reminded one more than anything else of the coaloil cans that the native Tahitians used as drums in their dances. But the old familiar hymns were sung heartily,—"Old Hundred," "Holy, Holy," and "Sun of My Soul." Reverence and courteous attention marked the whole service, and it did us good.

And thus did we afar out upon old ocean, find with the dear ones at home

"place where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend.
Tho' sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy seat."

May the dear Lord and Savior of us all bless all our services this day. Geo. H. DeKay.

At Sea, July 28, 1907.

JOTTINGS.

A Farewell Reception.

It took place at our Chinese mission in Oakland It was extended to Mr. C. S. Chan, a Christian brother who has been an instructor at the University of California under Prof. Fryer of the chair of Oriental Languages and Literature. The little room in which our mission school assembles was crowded,—room, entry-way, and possibly the stairs. About one-half of the audience were Americans interested in our work. There were addresses by the superintendent of our Sunday-school, who, like every other earnest Christian that comes in contact with our Christian Chinese, "loves them," as he said; by Rev. Jee Gam and his son, Mr. Luther McLean Jee, and by Mr. Chin Toy, who read in Chinese a fine address, beautifully inscribed and richly bound, expressing to Mr. Chan as he now starts for his native land, the appreciation and good wishes and prayers of his brethren.

Mr. Pond Mooar Jee seemed to be master of ceremonies as he certainly was master of song. Mr. Fong Sing rendered a fine solo, and the Misses Lamont gave us one of their sweet gospel duets. But the greatest

interest gathered about the account of himself which Prof. Chan (as the brethren, against his protest, call him) gave of himself. Beginning at a time when, eighteen years of age, he was teaching a school in China, he told us that then he became convinced that the One revealed in Christ was the true God, and that he must worship Him alone. His father hearing of this, was greatly incensed, and used the despotic parental government usual in China to bring his son back to the old way. It could not be done. Indeed the greater the pressure brought to bear upon him the firmer became his conviction and more impossible a denial of it. At length the day came when the whole nation renders its annual homage to Confucius, and he, instead of joining in that worship, spoke to his pupils of the true God and led them to kneel in prayer to Him. This broke up the school, as he feared that it would. But he had counted the cost, and leaving all behind him went to Canton to study. Then came the Good Shepherd's leadership, under which he was sent to this country at his own expense, as a student, afterwards to become secretary to the Chinese Ambassador, Wu Ting Tang; then to be sent to San Francisco as private secretary to the consul, and afterwards to the University, where he used his leisure hours for study at the Agricultural College. Now he returns to China to be connected with the Board of Agriculture, Commerce and Labor, with headquarters at Mukden; but, wherever he is and whatever else he does, to be a witness for Christ and His gospel messenger. Thus the list lengthens of Chinese Christians who return from California to occupy posts of large responsibility and wide-spread influence, leavening with the Christian spirit and the eternal life the vast "measures of meal" in China.

Market Street Church.

Under the patient, wise, self-sacrificing guidance of Pastor Griffiths, this church is slowly, but steadily coming to its own in place and work and power for good. Perhaps the best token of this is, that in that most irksome and difficult of operations in church finances, pictured in the phrase, "paying for a dead horse,"—removing debts unwisely incurred and for which no appreciable benefit has ever been obtained, it is moving on steadily. By generous, heroic giving, supporting itself and refusing to be a burden upon sister churches, it has reduced that sort of a debt by several hundreds of dollars during the past year, and it proposes to move on along that line, even though it takes, not only "all summer," but several years. But if some one would arise in sympathy with such a heroic struggle and make a conditional offer that would open a door of hope, I am confident that the church would spring to the effort to clear all off at once. Where is the man who can end will?

Fitchburg.

An evening's visit to this active and growing suburban church brought to the writer a flood of reminiscences. They date back almost fifty years, to a day when on reaching his out-station at Monte Cristo in Sierra county on a Sunday afternoon, he met the cordial greeting of Mrs. Hasleton, and was introduced to her husband. Their coming to that mining camp added interest and effectiveness to the service such as had not been known before. And then and there began a Christian friendship deep and warm, which will last eternally. These two were the recognized father and mother of the Fitchburg church. It is a goodly child. The places in it which knew them once, now know them no more. It seemed a serious question whether the church could live without them; but God knows and cares for his own, and is seeing to it that the service to Christ which crowned their long and useful career should not grow dim and disappear. Mr. Griffiths adds to his pastoral work at Market Street the shepherding of this flock, but evidently the day is close at hand when the increasing population and the enlarging opportunity will call for all the labor that a pastor, well equipped and strong, could give.

It was a depressing ride I took that Sabbath evening along the wide thoroughfare from Oakland to Fitchburg, seeing the crowds of young people "finding their own pleasure," and that in many cases a pleasure that cannot but end in death; but it revived one's hope to enter the lecture room of the little church and see nearly fifty gathered there for the C. E. meeting—a meeting admirably led; song and prayer and short responses following one another in quite unbroken succession. It appeared like the drill of an army of the Lord, youthful and brave, that soon would march to victory.—W. C. P.

AN ERROR AND COMMENT THEREON.

In The Pacific for July the 25th there appeared the following church news item under the caption **Lockeford:** "Last year a lot was bought for a parsonage. It will be fully paid for by the end of the year. Then, the next step will be toward a building thereon."

We are in receipt of a letter from the pastor, the Rev. L. Wallace, from which quotation is made:

"There was an error in the notice of the work at Lockeford in the last Pacific. It stated that we had bought a lot and were going to build a parsonage. The fact is that we bought a building and lot last fall, and there is but a small indebtedness upon it which will be paid before the close of the year. It is a very comfortable home and has increased in value since purchased."

From another letter, written by a trustee of the church we learn that the parsonage is a nice six room cottage with bath and other modern conveniences.

But of course our readers at Lockeford and elsewhere will wish to know how that incorrect item got into The Pacific. Came it from an enemy or from a friend? Let him that readeth give answer:

The item was written by the Editor, and was based on a statement made incidentally by the pastor of the church at Lockeford in a letter in which remittance of subscription was made. It was stated therein, according to the editorial eyes, that a payment had been made on the parsonage lot and that full payment would be made by the end of the year. Naturally the editorial inference was that the next thing would be the erection of a parsonage and the item was written accordingly. Whether the word in the pastor's letter was lot, or debt, no one can tell. For the letter, having served its purpose, went several days ago to its own place—into the waste basket. But this, all editors know: It would perhaps astonish a very large number of people if they could have pointed out to them the omissions and errors of one kind and another which they make in items and articles written for the press. There are very few articles that an editor dares to

hand over to the linotype operator before going through them, unless he has an operator who can edit as he operates the key-board; and this is a loss of much valuable time on a costly machine.

Here comes in just one of the dozen or more things which the editor of The Pacific has to do, many of which, doubtless, most of our readers never thought to fall to one who writes from five to eight pages of matter each week and manages the business in addition.

This error on our part, or, it may be on the part of the pastor at Lockeford, and the comment it has drawn out, may result in leading writers to look over their articles before sending them in.

The letter by the Lockeford pastor was not a poorly written one, and he and the editor have no quarrel. But some letters are received that wear on nerves greatly. In our printing office there is printed a paper some of the manuscript for which no operator who is paid by the thousand ems will set; and yet there isn't one of the writers who couldn't do better if he tried faithfully. Candidly, isn't there something really wicked in inflicting on an editor or a printing office a carelessly prepared manuscript long or short? In all that a man does he is under obligations to think of the interests of the other fellow, and to shirk no part of his own duty.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Miss Luella Miner, an American Board missionary in China, who has been in this country for several months, is in Oakland now, and will sail for China the latter part of the week.

The Rev. George D. Castor, recently secured for the chair of New Testament Literature and Exegesis in Pacific Seminary, reached Berkeley with his family last week. Mr. Castor is a graduate of Drury College and of Yale Divinity School; he won the Foreign Fellowship of his class atYale and spent a year of study in Germany. He has been assistant pastor of the Center Church, New Haven, director of the associated Sunday-school work of the city and an instructor in the Biblical Literature Department of Yale University. Mr. Castor is a man of fine scholarship and personality. A strong effort was made to retain him in New Haven.

In order that the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity might listen to the Rev. Dr. Beaton of Chicago last Monday the paper to be given by Dr. Pond on Christian Science was postponed for one week. Accordingly Dr. Pond's paper will be given next Monday, and the following Monday Dr. McLean will be the speaker. On the 25th the meeting will be both in the forenoon and afternoon. In the forenoon there will be report from a committee appointed a few months ago to consider the general Congregational interests in this part of California and to report thereon. Arrangements will be made for lunch together, and the afternoon will be given to a discussion of the report of the committee and to such a consideration of the general interests as will, it is hoped, add to Congregational efficiency hereabouts.

Every young man and woman should be a junior partner with the Lord Jesus for the salvation of the world.—Jacob Chamberlain.

REPORT OF MISSIONARY WORK.

Mary Buss.

[A Paper Read at the Recent Meeting of the Kern County Association of Churches.]

Some people are sensitive about birthdays, and the numbering of their years thereby; but Congregational Associations have no such feeling, so we do not hesitate to announce this meeting as our first birthday party.

It is fitting in this connection to consider what we have done this first year, in the different departments of church work;—and on me was laid the pleasant task of noting the progress of our missionary work The average child of a year old, does not run alone, so perhaps we should not expect that our association can yet walk without help from the Mother Society for most of our churches. And as the Home Mission and Building Societies have both been firm friends to us, it is but right that we should show our appreciation by helping along their work for others.

As reported by the registrar, the churches have contributed not only to these, but to some or all of the other missionary societies of our denomination. While the amounts are not large, they indicate a live root, which we are confident will develop branch and bud and blossom in the years to come, so that at each annual meeting our registrar may have a larger bouquet of missionary flowers to show us.

Does some one ask, "Why give money to the different missionary societies, when we must have help from them?" This is not an unusual question, and I have heard it a good many times. It is an established fact in both Presbyterian and Congregational denominations, and perhaps in others, that the churches which give systematically and liberally to their missionary societies, are the ones which soonest pay their debts and become self-supporting.

The church that **gives** is the church that **lives.** Only as the missionary spirit is fostered and grows thriftily, will a church really live and accomplish what it should. The question of how to increase the interest in missions is one that is constantly before every real worker.

We must first have a pastor full of the missionary spirit, and then if he enlist one or two earnest helpers to carry out some of his plans, it must be a cold, dead church that will not respond to such leading. Once get people really interested in and impressed with their duty towards the work and the amount given will take care of itself. It is largely ignorance that causes indifference. But how shall we overcome the ignorance? Various are the methods, some working well for a while, when a change must be made to avoid getting into a rut.

I was once a member of a small Presbyterian church in Southern California. Connected with it were a Ladies Missionary Society, a Boys' Brigade, a King's Daughters' Circle and an Endeavor Society. Once a month, on a Sabbath evening, a missionary meeting was held, with a representative from each of these societies on the program, appropriate music and a little talk by the pastor. This plan worked well for one winter and brought out good audiences.

Some churches take an annual offering for each missionary society, with its work and needs presented by the pastor. Others use the envelope system, these being distributed the week before the offering is taken.

In our Bakersfield church, as soon as the pledges for the current expenses are made at the first of the year, the pastor brings before the people the subject of the missionary work and our gifts for it. This is always on a Sabbath morning, and this year was accompanied by a sketch of the different societies and their urgent needs. This information resulted in a decided increase in the amount given by some. Slips of paper are passed through the audience and a number of pledges are usually made on the spot, and handed to the missionary secretary. Some wish to think the matter over, and others are absent, so the secretary goes over the list of the congregation, and by a personal call, later, gives every one who has not made a pledge, an opportunity to do so if they will. The money is paid monthly, or by the quarter or in a lump sum, as is most convenient for each. Some can give in this way who could not if the money were required immediately. The secretary aims to have at least half of the whole amount pledged, collected before the summer vacation, if possible; and the rest, early in December, before the Christmas giving has mortgaged all the spare dollars. The disbursement to the different societies is made according to a schedule advised by the church, but the final adjustment is left to the missionary committee.

We are now in the fifth year of this plan and have seen steady if slow progress. The per cent of increase in amount is greater than the per cent of increase in membership, which shows that we are learning the luxury of giving.

The plea from the pulpit gives the matter a good start, and brings out most of the larger pledges, while the individual plea of the secretary reaches a good many smaller contributors, whose gifts make a substantial addition to the whole amount. It is important that these should not be missed, for it is far better for ten persons to each give one dollar, than for but one person to give ten dollars. With a pastor who feels the responsibility of leading his people in this work, and a secretary who has the time and tact and love for it, this plan is sure to succeed, especially in a small church.

The query has been made, whether Ladies' Aid Societies may not take up this work. In my judgment this would be a doubtful experiment. An Aid Society deals wholly with matters pertaining to its own church. It is really a pastor's assistant in looking after the sick and shut-ins, in welcoming strangers and introducing them to the church work. It also, usually gives valuable financial aid to the church treasury. Its officers may be changed yearly, and it needs no special program for its meetings, which should be held twice a month during the working months of the year.

A Missionary Society needs a regular and carefully arranged program both for information and to stimulate interest among the members. Once a month is often enough for its meetings. The president may be changed yearly, but the secretary and treasurer, if capable, should be retained for long terms of service. They must have more or less correspondence with the state and national officers, and familiarity with the work ensures better results. You see the work of the two societies is so different that it would be difficult to combine them successfully.

Missionary work in connection with the Sabbath-school and Endeavor Societies is an effective way of reaching the young people, while a Children's Mission Band accomplishes a work that nothing else quite touches.

In all these methods, the thing most needed in the leader, is enthusiasm, the kind that carries one through all the trials as well as all the joys of service. And the dynamo of enthusiasm is love,—the kind that Christ showed through all His life and even unto death.

One means of interesting people is by inducing them to read more on the subject. The Congregational Work is an excellent paper, published ten months of the year, with a department for each of our missionary societies, and all for the small sum of ten cents per year in clubs of ten or more. It should be in every Congregational family in this country, and if so, and well read, it would surely increase our interest and gifts.

The National Council makes a strong plea this year for increased giving. They ask for a sum equal to $2.85 per member for the whole country. This is needed for work that is imperative in our seven missionary societies, unless we drop behind. It does not seem a large sum for each person, but the whole amount would insure a year of fine results. Shall we not make it our goal, and strive hard to meet it? And as we plan and work for it, let us remember this question from one with whom I was once discussing the matter of giving. She said, "Did you ever really miss anything you gave to the Lord?" I replied with truth, that I never had, for the **crumbs** I had given had come back to me in the shape of **whole loaves.** As a corollary, we have this pithy saying of the editor of the Ram's Horn, "God sees to it that the cheerful giver never goes out of business for the want of capital."

The Home.

THE CLOSING DOOR.

"Keep thou an open door between thy child's life and thine own."

There was once a little girl (her best and sweetest name was Little Daughter) who had a dear little room, all her own, which was full of treasures, and was as lovely as love could make it. You could never imagine, no matter how you tried, a room more beautiful than hers; for it was white and shining from the snowy floor to the ceiling, which looked as if it might have been made of a fleecy cloud. The curtains at the windows were like the petals of lily, and the little bed was like swan's down.

There were white pansies, too, that bloomed in the windows, and a dove whose voice was sweet as music; and among her treasures she had a string of pearls which she was to wear about her neck when the king of the country sent for her, as he had promised to do some day.

The string of pearls grew longer and more beautiful as the little girl grew older, for a new pearl was given her as soon as she woke up each morning, and every one was a gift from this king, who bade her keep them fair.

Her mother helped her to take care of them and of all the other beautiful things in her room. Every morning, after the new pearl was slipped on the string, they would set the room in order; and every evening they would look over the treasures and en-

joy them together, while they carefully dusted away any specks of dust that had gotten in during the day and made the room less lovely.

No matter what little Daughter was doing, she was happier if her mother was near; and although she sometimes ran away into her own room and played by herself, she always bounded at her mother's first call; and sprang into her mother's arms gladder than ever to be with her because she had been away.

Now, one day, when the little girl was playing alone, she had a visitor who came in without knocking, and who seemed at first very much out of place in the shining white room, for he was a goblin, and as black as a lump of coal. He had not been there more than a few minutes, however, before nearly everything in the room began to look more like him and less like driven snow; and although the little girl thought that he was strange and very ugly when she first saw him, she soon grew used to him, and found him an entertaining playfellow.

She wanted to call her mother to see him, but he said, "Oh, no; we are having such a nice time together, and she's busy, you know." So the little girl did not call; and the mother, who was making a dress of fine lace for her darling, did not dream that a goblin was in the little white room.

The goblin did not make any noise, you know, for he tiptoed all the time, as if he were afraid; and if he heard a sound he would jump. But he was a merry goblin, and he amused the little girl so much that she did not notice the change in her dear room.

The curtains grew dingy, the floor dusty, and the ceiling looked as if it might have been made of a rain cloud; but the child played on, and got out all her treasures to show to her visitor.

The pansies drooped and faded, the white dove hid its head beneath its wing and moaned; and the last pearl on the precious string grew dark when the goblin touched it with his smutty fingers.

"Oh, dear me," said the little girl when she saw this, "I must call my mother; for these are the pearls that I must wear to the king's court when he sends for me."

"Never mind," said the goblin, "we can wash it, and if it isn't just as white as before, what difference does it make about one pearl?"

"But mother says they must all be as fair as the morning," insisted the little girl ready to cry. "And what will she say when she sees this one?"

"You shut the door, then," said the goblin, pointing to the door that had never been closed, "and I'll wash the pearl." So the little girl ran to close the door, and the goblin began to rub the pearl; but it only seemed to grow darker. Now, the door had been open so long that it was hard to move, and it creaked on its hinges as the little girl tried to close it. When the mother heard this, she looked up to see what was the matter. She had been thinking about the dress which she was making; but when she saw the closed door, her heart stood still with fear, for she knew that if it once closed tight she might never be able to open it again.

She dropped her fine laces and ran towards the door, calling, "Little Daughter! Little Daughter! Where are you?" and she reached out her hands to stop the door. But as soon as the little girl heard that loving voice, she answered:

"Mother, O mother! I need you so; my pearl is turning black and everything is wrong!" and, flinging the door wide open, she ran into her mother's arms.

When the two went together into the little room, the goblin was gone. The pansies now bloomed again, the white dove cooed in peace; but there was much work for the mother and daughter, and they rubbed and scrubbed and washed and swept and dusted, till the room was so beautiful that you would not have known that a goblin had been there, except for the one pearl which was a little blue always, even when the king was ready for the little daughter to come to his court, although that was not until she was a very old woman.

As for the door, it was never closed again, for Little Daughter and her mother put two golden hearts against it, and nothing in this world could have shut it again.—Mother Stories, by Maud Lindsay.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Brother,—you with growl and frown,—
Why don't you move from Grumbletown.
Where everything is tumbled down
And skies are dark and dreary?
Move over into Gladville where
Your face will don a happy air,
And lay aside your cross of care
For smiles all bright and cheery.

In Grumbletown there's not a joy
But has a shadow of alloy
That must its happiness destroy
And make you to regret it.
In Gladville we have not a care
But, somehow, looks inviting there,
And has about it something fair
That makes us glad to get it.

'Tis strange how different these towns
Of ours are! Good cheer abounds
In one, and gruesome growls and frowns
Are always in the other.
If you your skies of ashen gray
Would change for sunny skies of May,
From Grumbletown, oh, haste away;
Move into Gladville, brother.

—Nixon Waterman.

TAKE TIME TO CONSIDER.

A young mother who is given to punishing her children for disobedience, more often in anger than in kindness, was told the following incident by an older mother who chanced to be an unwilling witness when the young mother unduly punished her eight-year-old son for a slight act of disobedience. The older mother then said:

"When my boy Fred was about twelve years old, he had an attack of measles in the summer which left him weak and fretful. One very hot and trying day, a friend called to ask Fred to go with him to the beach. The distance was short and the road shady, and, thinking the outing might do Fred good, I consented to his going, cautioning him, however, not to go in swimming as his friend intended doing. When the boys returned, one look at Fred made me ask: 'Have you been in swimming?' He hung his head for a moment, then looked up and answered: 'Yes, mother. I was so warm and the water was cold and I couldn't help going in.'"

"Of course you punished him severely," the young mother interposed.

The older mother smiled gently. "I was tempted to do so in my momentary anger at having my authority ignored. But I held my temper in check and simply bade Fred go to his room, deciding that I would take up the matter with him when I felt calmer. I sent his supper to him, and, when I retired, stepped into his room and found him asleep. About the middle of the night, Fred called me, saying he felt ill. For two weeks he was very ill, indeed, and during this time, when I nursed him night and day, not a word was said about his disobedience. One day, when he was convalescent, he looked at me and said, 'Mother, I've been wanting to tell you how good you are not to punish me for going swimming that day, and you're so kind and patient, for all the trouble I'm making you, and I'll never, as long as I live, disobey you again.' He was a little fellow to make such a big promise. But he has kept it faithfully, and he is nearly twenty-four years old." Then the older mother added earnestly: "My dear, if you must punish, never do it in anger, and take time to well consider child-nature, before you punish in kindness."—Exchange.

HOW TO LIVE CHEAPLY.

One of the subjects talked and written about a great deal at the present time is how to live cheaply. Prices of all the great staples of life are high. Rents are enormous. Fashions are exacting. Wants multiply, while resources diminish. How to make strap and buckle meet is the problem which presses on hundreds of housekeepers.

It is what is done to keep up appearances that destroys the equilibrium between outgo and income, and makes life a drudgery and vexation. How to live cheaply is a question easy enough to answer if one will be content with cheap living. Substitute comfort for show. Put convenience in the place of fashion. Study simplicity. Refuse to be beguiled into a style of living above what is required by your position in society and is justified by your resources. Set a fashion of simplicity, neatness, prudence and inexpensiveness, which others will be glad to follow, and thank you for introducing. Infuse dignity, sincerity, kindness, virtue and love into your simple and inexpensive home, and its members will never miss the costly fripperies and showy adornments, and they will be happier in the cozy and comfortable apartments than most of their wealthy neighbors are in their splendid establishments. It does not follow that in order to live cheaply one must live meanly. The best comforts of life are not costly. Taste, refinement, good cheer, wit, and even elegance are not expensive.—Domestic Magazine.

We learn from the Reviews of Reviews that a gift of $1,000,000 has been made by Miss Anna T. Jeanes, of Philadelphia, for a fund to be devoted entirely to rudimentary schools for Southern negroes. All who have followed the work of the graduates of Hampton and Tuskegee are aware that dotted over the Southern States there are hundreds of small village and rural schools which receive little or no aid from the State school systems, but which in many communities form the sole educational equipment for the colored race. The gift of this fund which will be administered by Principal Frissell, of Hampton, and Principal Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, is most timely.

The Quiet Hour.

"It takes great strength to bring your life up square
With your accepted thought, and hold it there;
Resisting the inertia that drags back
From the new attempts to the old habit's track.
It is so easy to drift back, to sink;
So hard to live abreast of what you think!"

LIFE A DISCIPLINE.

We are here for the development of our spiritual nature. The web of our years is made of dark and sunny threads. The interwoven joy and sorrow, the losses and gains, the triumphs and failures,—all go to the building up of a finer, sweeter, more inspiring humanity. Now that is the only view of life that stands the test of reflection. It is not only the verdict of common sense or experience, it is also the teaching of philosophy, or profound reflection, and it is evermore the truth of religion, which means a serene confidence in the ultimate purposes of God. Life is worth living if we want to make it so. Far deeper than the day's events is the life of the spirit, a life that can be lived with high aims, with generous sympathies, and in the ever-deepening conviction that we are set here by God for a purpose; that with his aid we can live nobly, as disciples of Christ and as those who hope for another and more beautiful life hereafter.—Rev. George Latimer.

REGRET.

Regret for the right object is very precious, but so many people employ it wrongly. We find them adhering to the evil thought and regretting the good. Regret the days you lose, the hours you fritter away; regret the speech that wounded, the unjust suspicion the hasty judgment. But never regret that you followed your heart when it led you toward confidence, toward sincerity, toward kindness. Regret neither the tears you have shed, nor the service you have rendered the ungrateful, nor that you have kept your illusions, preserved your human tenderness, your hope, and even your grief. For all these things, it is well to live and die impenitent.—Charles Wagner.

THE BEAUTIFUL OUTLOOK.

God only knows the light that glorifies each and every life. He alone can see how the universal is illumined by the sum of the particulars. The least of us, and the most burdened, and the most troubled, has his vision, his divine compensation, his intimate, precious, cherished, hope and joy. Dip deeply into the fountain of any life, and you will draw up some of this sweet water of blessing. You will find that every soul has its inner joy, its hidden hope and comfort. However circumstances may change, the beautiful outlook always remains. God alone knows all these secret illuminations of innumerable lives. He alone knows; and he alone can see how life as a whole is made radiant by the joy that invests it from thousands upon thousands of individual peaks of vision.

We have known lives that seemed to us, from the outward view-point, darkened and cheerless and afflicted, lives that stirred our pity and appealed to our deepest sympathies. But ever, as we have drawn

nearer to such lives, and learned more of their hidden circumstances, we have found that they, too, had their visions, their secret, unimaginable joys and hopes and comforts, their blessings of uplift, unknown only to them and the infinite heart of the Father.

So we have had the thought borne in upon us again and again, as we have studied the problem of life: "Be not dismayed or disheartened by the sadder aspects of humanity; for after all you behold the life of men only in externals; you know little of its depths of inner experience, its peaks of spiritual outlook. Believe that everyone has his shining vision! Believe that there is some beautiful outlook for everyone. Look into your own soul—behold its vision! And trust that every other human soul has its vision also."—Zion's Herald.

Young People.

KIDS.

I wonder why some pas have none,
And others have so many.
It seems the poor pas have the most,
And rich ones haven't any.

The richest man I know in town
Has just one small boy only;
But pa says, Oh! he pities him
In that big house so lonely.

It seems to me't would be so nice
If kids all come out even;
And when I asked pa why they don't,
He said, "Be quiet, Stephen!"

Then fam'blies all'd have bills like pa,
For us five kids together,
He says, would bust a cattle man,
We wear out so much leather.

But when the circus comes to town
Pa's glad he has so many,
For he has more fun takin, us
Than if he hadn't any.

My pa says some day that he'll be
Too old to go on workin',
And then he hopes that none of us
Our duty will be shirkin'.

You bet we won't! We all love pa,
But wouldn't it be funny
To have your father hangin' round
And askin' you for money?

I've most a quarter in my bank
To buy a bullet moulder,
But now I think I'll save it up
For pa when he gets older.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

AGASSIZ.

Agassiz had the power of stirring to curiosity the most sluggish minds and awakening in them for the first time an interest in natural science.

Former fellow-workers at Neuchatel either accompanied or followed him to America, and a "scientific factory" was set up near the water front in East Boston. Its site was later changed to the banks of the Charles River in Cambridge, near the Brighton bridge, and it became the nucleus from which grew the great museum of comparative zoology.

Both the humble frame house in East Boston and the shanty in Cambridge were full of all manner of specimens, alive and dead. Snapping turtles, slippery eels, toads, frogs, bugs, snakes, crabs, a fox, guinea pigs, rabbits, and almost everything that walks or crawls found a home under the hospitable roof. Visitors had to be careful not to crush the life out of some favorite specimen.

Once a society woman, who had invited Agassiz to dinner, asked him at the table to explain the difference between a frog and a toad. Beaming with joy at the opportunity to impart real information and at not being taken unawares, Agassiz dived first into his right coat pocket and then into his left, and, bringing out a living specimen of each, then and there made plain to her the difference.

It is said that after his marriage he continued the practice of having as many object-lessons around with him as possible. A familiar Cambridge anecdote tells about his wife's calling in terror from her dressing-room, "O Louis, there is a snake in my shoe!" And Agassiz, also horrified, replied, "Only one snake! And where are the other six?"

SIR ROBIN THE BOLD.

This tale was told to me by an English lady, who saw the bird with her own eyes, and knows that every word is true.

In the busiest part of the town of Coventry, in England, at the corner of two streets where electric cars are running, and people are passing to and fro the whole day long, there is a large confectioner's shop. One cold morning last November, my friend was just about to enter this shop, when, to her great surprise, she saw a robin come flying down from the housetop opposite, pick its way between the people who were crowding the sidewalk, hop cheerfully up the doorstep of the shop, and disappear within. Of course she supposed it was a pet bird; but, when she followed Sir Robin inside the shop, the people told her they had never seen the bird before!

There he was, however, apparently quite at home, and happy as a prince, feasting on the abundant crumbs to be had for the taking. Customers coming and going didn't seem to distrub him in the least: it was as if he had taken a good view of the shop from his housetop before he came in, and so knew exactly what to expect.

When he had finished his meal, he made his way from shelf to shelf, till he found a dressing-room to his taste. Then, after preening his feathers and showing off his rich-colored little self to the best advantage (as all bipeds, feathered or unfeathered, are wont to do), Sir Robin proved his good breeding by paying for his entertainment with a song. My friend left him singing away and everybody listening.

About a week later she called at the confectioner's again, and there was Robin large as life, bolder and more at home than ever! He would take his bath quite fearlessly in a saucer of water which was placed for him every morning on the floor. He hopped about

the shelves all day, picking up the crumbs he liked best (for of course in such a place he had quite a choice), and even at night he remained in the shop. One of the girls told my friends she had tried to see if she could get him out one night, but he refused to go. It really looked as if Sir Robin had determined to spend the winter in his snug quarters.

So famous did he become that the Coventry newspapers talked about him and his curious ways, and there is no knowing how much extra business he might have brought to that shop (for of course everybody in the town wanted to see him), if it hadn't been for an enemy in the camp. This enemy was the confectioner's cat. When Sir Robin first stepped upon the stage, she had not welcomed him very warmly, —in fact, there had been some little unpleasantness between them. But afterward Puss seemed to understand that, whatever her own private feelings might be, she and Robin were expected to be friends,—or, at all events, to keep the peace.

Robin, for his part, was quite willing to have it so, and placed full confidence in Puss's good faith. For, knowing as he was, he **didn't** know how crafty a cat can be. And so it came about that exactly two weeks from the day that Robin entered the confectioner's shop Puss had the meal she had set her treacherous heart on!

Poor, plucky, trusting Sir Robin! That was a sad, sad ending to his little tale!—Arnott Chester, in the Churchman.

A BOY'S INFLUENCE.

A colonel in a southern camp overheard an excited soldier venting his rage in furious profanity. The man, red-faced and big of muscle, had been a local bully and law-breaker, and when the war broke out, he was given his choice to enlist or serve a term in jail.

The colonel was about giving an order to suit his case when the big fellow's arm was touched by a comrade, and a low voice said, "Please don't talk like that."

Wheeling around with another half-uttered oath, he saw a red-cheeked boy looking into his face.

"I beg your pardon, Little Piety," he said; I didn't know you were here," and he walked away, apparently more abashed than if an officer had silenced him.

The life of this little lad—"Little Piety"—in the army was told a generation ago, among the other pathetic stories of the war of '61.

The fair, delicate youth, bantered and pestered at first by his fellow-privates, became the favorite of his regiment by his brave goodness and his amiable ways. In his character, religion was something more than an adjective, and the nickname the men gave him in jest remained as his badge of respect and affection.

At the reunion of his regiment not long ago, the colonel, in his address to his few surviving comrades, recalled many vanishing names of the old muster-roll, and said, at last: "I wonder if you are thinking of the one member who was nearest to all hearts."

"We know whom you mean," the men answered. "We shall never forget Little Piety."

The colonel repeated the story, old, but always welcome, of their first great field engagement, when the slender young soldier, detailed on rear duty, begged to be sent to the front "with the boys," and obtained a reluctant consent; of the terrible battle, and the afterscene of human waste and death, "the sadness of which no life is long enough to outgrow."

"On the slope of a steep ridge skirting one side of the field lay a row of dead and dying men, mowed down in the rush of a heroic charge, and near the head of the line, with his white, girlish face turned up to the sky, we found LittlePiety.

"The boys would not bury him in the battle trench, but made and marked his grave under a live-oak, by itself, and sung over it the tune he loved, 'Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?'

"Several years later I was far from home, staying at a city hotel, and one day I had a caller, a large, well-dressed and handsome business man, who asked me if I remembered him. I did not."

"'You remember Little Piety?'

"'Yes.'

"'And the big ruffian who joined your regiment to keep out of jail, and whom the boy rebuked for swearing?'

"'Well, here is what is left of that same ruffian. I went into the army a desperado, and came out a man, and Little Piety's influence opened the way for me to do it.'"

NO WAR WITH JAPAN.

The New York World recently sent a message to Marquis Ito the leading statesman of Japan, inquiring as to his views of the situation between Japan and America. According to the Seoul Press, the Marquis "believed in the good sense and intelligence of both nations and was sure that the authorities of Tokyo and Washington would be able to solve the matter in a proper and amicable manner. His Excellency also declared that the friendship of the two countries based on political and economic interests would grow more and more intimate. The view of the distinguished statesman was clear and there was no room for doubt in its truthfulness. It was a great summing up of recent affairs between the two nations." These war promoters and all-around barbarians are enemies of mankind. There will be no war with Japan. There are a thousand and one reasons why these two nations should be friendly and only the bitter race hatred of a few degenerates on the other side of the question. There are no commercial, no economic, no diplomatic reasons for strife. No people have shown more good moral fiber than the Japanese. The American people have been able to render Japan great service. For Japan to promote war with America would be the act of ingratitude and a policy of suicide. Japan knows this. There will be no war with Japan unless both countries at the same time shall fall into the hands of irresponsible demagogues. A thing not likely to occur.

HOME COMING OF THE SWEDES.

According to the press, King Oscar wants to get up a Home-Coming boom. He wants all the Swedes who have emigrated to America to come back. That is a good spirit. The Swedes are good, quiet, peace-loving, industrious people and loyal to America. They have found a cordial welcome in America. The government is making a determined effort to correct the evil causing the Swedes to leave their own country. The committee in charge of the investigation is composed of one hundred prominent Swedes, including many members of Parliament and of provincial governments. Sweden is said to desire particularly the return of skilled mechanics, of which there is a great scarcity in the country, owing to the better opportunities for high-grade workmen in the United States.

THE LESSONS OF LIFE.

If we could read nature as Jesus Christ read it we should never look on a garden or walk through a field without picking up a living sermon and receiving a message from our Heavenly Father. The commonest things spoke to him great and elevated truths. He saw heaven mirrored in a flower, and heard celestial music in the twitter of a bird. Being himself divine, he discerned a certain divine meaning everywhere. The earth was covered with the footprints of the Creator; all things were bathed in the pure light which shone forth from his own soul. The dullest objects were clear enough in his eyes to reflect some thought of God; the most insignificant things were grand enough to point, like cathedral spires, heavenward. Would that it were given to us to read all things with the mind of Jesus, and to find in all the common paths of life suggestions of the Divine.—J. G. Greenhough.

Warm my cold heart, Lord, I beseech Thee. Take away all that hinders me from giving myself to Thee. Mould me according to Thine own image. Give me grace to obey Thee in all things, and ever to follow Thy gracious leading. Make me this day to be kind to my fellowmen, to be gentle and unselfish, careful to hurt no one by word or deed, but anxious to do good to all, and to make others happy. O Lord, forgive the sins of temper. Pardon all my hasty words and unchristian thoughts. Make me watchful, that I offend not with my tongue. Give me a meek and loving spirit, which is in Thy sight of great price. I would not live unto myself, but unto Thee. Keep me from sin this day, and all that may offend Thee; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—Ashton Oxenden.

Do not say to me, "I have had so much to sadden me." There is always more to gladden, than to sadden, if we will only believe in the religion of Jesus Christ.—Margaret Bottome

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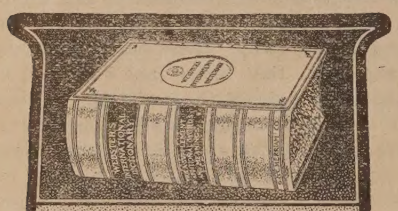

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California Med. Ripe Olives, gal. tins, $1.00	.75
Tomatoes, gallon tins, 35c for	.25
Soups, condensed, 2 10c tins	.15
Young America Cheese, Baby	.50
Pint Bottles Catsup, guaranteed pure, 25c for	.15
Pure Food Jams, 2-lb. tins, 3 for	.50
Deviled Ham, 5c tins	.04
Honey Amber, new, gal. $1.10 tins	.90
Honey Golden, new, pure, 5-gal. 60-lb.	3.50
Codfish, boneless, fancy select chunks, 4 lbs.	.25
Best California Flour, $1.55 sacks, 50 lbs.	1.30
8 lbs. Rolled Wheat or Oats	.25
Pickles, 5-gal. kegs, $1.25 reg.	.95
Catsup, tomato, gal. jugs, $1.00	.75
Eng. Brk Tea, high grade, lb.	.16
Covered Chambers, handles, $1.00 reg	.50
Ice Cream Freezers .. 10c per discount.	
Oat meal Toilet Soap, 10c reg., 7 for	.25
Ready Mixed Paint, $1.50 cans for	1.25
Nails, 25 lbs., one or more sizes	1.00
Suit Cases and Trunks	¼ off
Japanese Matting Suit Cases	¼ off
Green Wire Cloth, 18 to 48 in., sq. ft.	.02
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